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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SOUTHAMPTON.

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Various circumstances have of late years given Southampton increased importance; but it has been a town of great celebrity from an ancient date. The Clausentum of the Romans was the Hamton of the Saxons, and that site appears to have been abandoned for the more eligible position of the present town.

In Domesday book the old name is written Hantun and Hantune, and the county Hantunscyre, which eventually re-

NO. 1292.

solved itself into Hampshire. The prefix South was given to Hamton, in consequence of its relative situation to Norham.

In the year 873, and again in 980, Hamton was ravaged by the Danes. When Canute ascended the throne, he appears to have established his abode at Southampton; and here, according to Henry of Huntingdon, it was, that he gave that memorable lesson to the sycophants about him, which, often as it has been told, may still be read with advantage. Hailed by flat-

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tery as one whose awful mandates all nature must obey, he caused a chair to be placed for him on the beach, and then authoritatively addressed the flowing tide to the following effect: "Oh, ye waves, know ye are under my dominion; the ground on which I sit is mine, nor did ever refractory pride disobey my commands with impunity; and I therefore now command thee not to wet the feet of thy lord and master." The historian continues: Despite of this royal order, the rude waters presently advanced, and threw themselves over the royal person; when rising from his seat, he addressed his courtiers, and said: "Let all the world know that the power of earthly monarchs is a vain and empty thing, and that no one deserves the name of king but He whose will, by an eternal decree, the heavens, the earth, and the sea, must obey." It is added, from that time forward he would never suffer the crown to be placed on his head, but caused it to be put on the great crucifix at Winchester. The coins of Canute have a mitre, a cap, or a triangular covering on his head, similar to that of St. Edward, and thus seem to confirm the tradition.

Southampton gained considerable importance before the Norman conquest. Its growing prosperity was interrupted in the time of Edward III. That monarch having laid claim to the crown of France, differences arose between the two countries, and the French, with their Spanish and Genoese allies, made a successful landing from a fleet of fifty galleys. They defeated those who opposed them in arms, but with considerable loss, and many of the principal inhabitants of Southampton were cruelly put to the sword. In the following year, 1339, an act was passed for rebuilding and fortifying the town, and the king, in a new charter, confirmed all the grants made by his predecessors, and invested the inhabitants with additional immunities.

It was in July, 1345, that the army destined to avenge the affront England had received, on the plains of Cressy, sailed from the port of Southampton. From the same place, in 1415, those warriors took their departure who were soon to become the conquerors of Agincourt. Here, before the armament had moved, was discovered the conspiracy against the life of Henry V, in which Robert earl of Cambridge (whose grandson afterwards became king Edward IV) and Sir Thomas Grey of Northumberland, were conspicuous, with lord Scrope, the especial favourite of the king. They were brought to trial, and executed in Southampton. Scrope was hanged, drawn, and quartered; the others were beheaded. Their bodies were interred in the Domus Dei, as is recorded on

a stone erected by a predecessor of the present earl of Delawarr.

In 1522, Charles V embarked from Southampton in the fleet which conveyed him to Spain. Edward VI was a visitor thirty years afterwards. Philip II landed here when he came to marry Mary I, and queen Elizabeth kept her court in Southampton in 1569. In 1575, she granted to the corporation the arms which are now used in the crown seal.

The remainder of the history of Southampton is highly gratifying. Its prosperity has from age to age continued rapidly to increase. A railroad having been formed from London to Southampton, it can now be reached in two or three hours with ease. Though many exactions on the part of the railway company have been loudly complained of, it cannot be denied that altogether the railroad is of vast service to the town. A direct line from London has been planned, as also one from Southampton to Manchester. Southampton is equally known to those whose lives are devoted to commerce and pleasure; and enormously as it has increased of late years, its dimensions and importance are likely at no distant day to be far more considerable.

THE CELEBRATED ENGRAVER RYLAND.

The last century was fruitful of extraordinary speculations, though they were less numerous than those of our own times. A passion to possess shares in flourishing concerns led many astray. Opulence, comfort, and character, were sacrificed in the pursuit of boundless wealth.

It would seem the engraver Ryland was one of these. His story is a melancholy one. Enjoying high celebrity, admired for his affability, and generally lauded for his good conduct, the public were astounded on the 5th April, 1783, at seeing an advertisement in all the public papers, stating him to have been charged before the Lord Mayor with falsely making, forging, and counterfeiting an acceptance to two bills of exchange for payment of £7,114, and offering a reward of three hundred pounds for his apprehension.

On the 15th of the same month, he was apprehended at Stepney. On seeing the officers, he seized a razor, and inflicted a severe wound on his throat, which caused him to lose so much blood, that he could not be removed from the small house in which he was taken till the following morning. On the 27th July, he was tried at the Old Bailey. In his defence, he set forth that he was rich. Besides £200 per annum which he received from the king,

he was proprietor of shares in the Liverpool water-works to the amount of seven thousand pounds, his stock in trade was worth ten thousand pounds, and the profits of his business produced two thousand pounds a year. He had been a bill-discounter, and the bill charged to have been forged he stated had come to him in the way of trade. All this had little weight with the jury, who, after deliberating on the case about thirteen minutes, brought in a verdict of guilty with intent to defraud.

He suffered on Friday, the 29th of August 1783. His last moments were tranquil. An eye-witness thus describes them:

"The morning this unhappy man yet great artist was to set forward towards that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," he appeared in the press-yard with the utmost composure, and took leave of a few respectable acquaintances; and after the usual ceremony of those geniuses who are properly qualified in such sort of business was over, he went towards the door, where a person with a stentorian voice called out, 'Mr. Ryland's coach,' with as much vociferation and self-satisfaction as if he was calling out at the playhouse. Mr. Ryland, before he went into the coach which was to convey him to his everlasting home, with the tenderness of a father took leave of a little girl who was unconscious of what was intended. Those who pretend to have any knowledge of Mr. Ryland's affairs, do not hesitate to say it was a natural daughter. Having got into the fatal vehicle, he proceeded to the place of execution amidst a crowd of spectators such as had hardly been seen before. And indeed it might tax the memory of two ages at least to find a similar example, where one of the first artists in the world, favoured by his sovereign, applauded by the best judges, and more particularly indulged by fortune, made so great a mistake in his understanding, and came to be hanged. Mr. Ryland at last arriving at the place of execution, though not at the desired part, waited rather longer than his fellows in sorrow wished to do. This is apprehended to be more owing to the indulgence of the sheriffs, than any superior merit in the culprit, his crime being equal to the best or the worst of them. But the horror of the scene cannot be described. The tremendous Author of all things at this awful period bade His thunders roll, His rain to descend, and His lightning to flash conviction on those who act contrary to the laws of God and man. The violence of the storm suspended the awful ceremony upwards of half an hour, during which time Mr. Ryland and his unhappy fellow-sufferers remained in the coaches allotted to them; while the miserable wretches who

had no friends were exposed to all the inclemency of the weather in open carts. The storm having abated, the officers of justice reassumed their business, and the unfortunate objects who were doomed to suffer were all tied up to the fatal tree, except Mr. Ryland, who yet remained in his carriage. After about half an hour spent in prayer by his fellow-sufferers, the unfortunate Mr. Ryland ascended the cart, dressed in mourning, and still preserving the utmost fortitude; taking hold of the rope himself by which he was pinioned with much composure. The executioner having finished the previous necessary business of affixing the rope, the unhappy gentleman entered into conversation with the rev. Mr. Vilette for the space of ten minutes, during which time he preserved a serenity of countenance which astonished the numerous spectators; after which he joined his fellow-sufferers in singing a loud hymn, imploring forgiveness of that Deity they had so justly offended by violating his most holy precepts; and now, having taken a most affectionate leave of each other, the caps were drawn over their faces, and the executioner had the whip in his hand, to give the fatal stroke which was to put a period to their existence, when he was stopped by the sheriff, it is presumed by the desire of Mr. Ryland, and a white handkerchief was taken from his pocket, and tied over his cap; which being done, they were instantly launched into eternity."

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By EDWARD PORTWINE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Ah, who have we coming here? It is Bott, and all the officers of the borough at his heels."

"Have you seen Cumlin pass this way?"

"Aye, aye, you will find him at the Chequers, if you have the courage to face the tiger in his den," replied Hamish.

The officials looked blank. The chief, however, attempted a smile of defiance, in order to encourage his myrmidons; but it quickly vanished into the sickly hue of abject fear.

"At the Chequers!" faltered the official. "I must capture him; he is doomed, when I get him before Sir Michael Webb."

"Ah! ah!" shouted the vendor of soles.

The constable looked daggers at the little fisherman, who laughed louder; and in rage he exclaimed, "I shall lay hands on you, master Hardy, some of these days;

and if I do, you will be transported to a dead certainty, if there is any law or justice in the country."

"Oh! oh!" replied Hardy, "the law ain't passed yet that will hurt me; no, nor is there any law to harm a man for flying up chalky cliffs, and laughing at the Lapwings and riding officers."

The constable foamed with rage at this treason against "law and justice," as he called it; while the fisherman grinned in his face, and disappeared in the direction of the pier, where we shall beg to take our reader.

CHAPTER V.

The Chequers was situated near the pier, surrounding a harbour choked with mud and shingle. The view from the front of the tavern was, therefore, not the most beautiful, but then the sea, with its deep blue waters in the distance, compensated for the filthy dock under the windows of this rendezvous for every class of the citizens of Folkestone. The Chequers was a large wooden building, and could not lay claim to any architectural beauty. The interior, however, afforded comfort, and was similar to most inns in the country. A large room, overlooking the British Channel, was the first apartment the traveller or guest entered. A large hob and chimney-corners, and a round white deal table, with wooden chairs and seats, constituted the furniture of the receiving room. There were other apartments to which company were shown if requiring privacy. These were situated behind the bar, which commanded a view of the public room.

In a large room at the extremity of the building, and at a table on which were strewn pipes and drinking utensils, was seated Cumlin, the landlady's son, young Henry Gettings, and the vendor of soles, Morpew, and five others.

The party were conversing, sipping brandy and water, and indulging in the luxury of the fragrant weed, in utter indifference to the commotion which raged in the town. The little fisherman had just concluded a narrative of his encounter with the constables, when Gettings remarked to Cumlin, "I am certain that Macy and old Waldron suspect you of the feat performed last night with such courage and fearlessness. Indeed, I listened to the whole of their remarks, and it is my impression that it is old Waldron who has induced Peake and Higgs to procure a warrant against you this morning."

"It may be so," answered Cumlin, scornfully, "but I care not; I will dare the power these fools can bring against me. I do not mean to dispute the right the magistrates may possess to arrest any one accused of a breach of the law; but they

cannot hurt or injure me or mine, Gettings."

"I hope not," exclaimed Hardy; "we have all placed confidence in you, and followed your counsel. We have found you as true as steel, and as daring as a lion, therefore I should be sorry if anything happened to injure or take you from a band who so much respect and fear—"

"Pooh! pooh!" interrupted Cumlin, with a meaning smile, "I dare much, because I hate these detested revenue laws; I hazard my liberty, because I abominate a government that restricts that trade and commerce on which the welfare of the country depends for happiness; and I stand in the light of first offender, because I know I am safe from prosecution, while any other member of our numerous body, if suspected, would incur lengthened incarceration and ruin. I can and will dare a prison in defence of my principles; I have done so in other climes successfully, and I have heretofore braved these accursed laws, and laughed at his majesty's bloodhounds—the officers."

The energy and rapidity, accompanied by a frown of withering contempt, with which this was delivered, electrified his companions, and assured them that the result of a seizure on their commander's person would be followed by no results of a painful nature.

"But," replied Gettings, "I think you were too imprudent last night in openly deriding the attempts of the Lapwings and their captain, and I assure you I felt some little trepidation on your account, when the reports of fire arms reverberated amongst the beetling cliffs. The freight I hauled above, absolutely terrified me. I did not suppose you would have ventured on such a hazardous experiment; but you were successful, and I am satisfied."

"My life, my friends," said Cumlin, with some emotion, "has been passed in peril and adventure on many seas and on many lands. I have braved danger in almost every shape, and dared death at the cannon's mouth. I have, standing on the deck of many a gallant vessel, with a daring crew, received the fire of the ships of all nations, whose power and calibre I have defied. I have been regardless of consequences—I am now; and it is not very probable that the affair of last evening should be regarded by me as one of recklessness or danger, and yet it, in some measure, recalled the reminiscences of my early life. But, Gettings and Hardy, did you attend to the safety of the cargo?"

"We did, and the property is by this time in London," replied Gettings.

"Good, this pleases me," rejoined the smuggler; "and now hand me paper and pens."

These were laid before him. He wrote a short note, sealed and directed it. "Now, Gettings, use your best exertions to leave the town unperceived, and hasten as fast as you can, on the fleetest horse, with this note. Linger not on the road, and deliver it to no one but the person to whom it is addressed. Bring no excuse, but escort the worthy squire to Sir Michael Gibbs; you will meet me at this house in an hour hence."

The faithful messenger departed. Scarcely had Gettings left the secret chamber, when a noise was heard in the public part of the house. An altercation was evident.

"Ah, there are the constables in search of you," exclaimed Hardy.

"I am not yet ready for them," rejoined Cumlin, with a smile; "they must wait my leisure."

The whole posse had indeed arrived, and finding no one in the public room, Bott demanded to search the private apartments.

"Certainly," said the widow Gettings. "Gentlemen, you have a right to search even the cellar if you like; you have the power to enter my bed-room, my daughter's also, in order to satisfy the suspicions of your employers. I dare say you will condescend to taste the best in the house free of expense. Oh yes, gentlemen, you are privileged to hunt a poor widow out of house, and drive her customers from parlour and tap."

"Now, out on you, my bonny widow," rejoined Bott, "we don't want to disturb you or your house; but give up Cumlin quietly, and we depart."

"I give him up quietly," cried the landlady, with great simplicity, "I give him up! Where in the name of wonder do you suppose he is?"

"Why in this house, and we must take him," retorted the chief constable.

"I have told you to search, do so," said Mrs. Gettings, calmly. "I do not know where Mr. Cumlin is, but wherever he should be, I dare say you will capture him quietly." She placed considerable emphasis on the word *quietly*, which evidently made an impression on the executors of the law, for they became pale and as docile as lambs, and called for liquor which they drank to nerve themselves. At length, having screwed up their courage, the flower of the subordinates of the corporation of Folkestone proceeded in a body, and pushed each other through the various passages of the house, in search of the dreaded smuggler.

With abject fear, Bott opened door after door, ransacked every room, but without success. Cumlin had seated himself at an open window overlooking the sea, in moody thoughtfulness; his reflections appeared of a sombre nature, from the harsh expres-

sion of his countenance. He seemed to be carried far back into the past, his companions appeared to have no desire to disturb him. They were puffing the smoke from their pipes, and quaffing grog with great gusto.

"Well, well," murmured the smuggler, "it is no matter, but I cannot entirely forget what I have been, nor reflect on what I appear now. Ah, ah, had I my once gallant crew, and were I pacing the quarter deck of my beautiful bark, I should hurl defiance at the law and its cowardly myrmidons; but I am now a citizen and must obey. Ah, ah, comrades, I must obey the laws; what say ye, you old sea dogs?"

The latter part of the speech was uttered in fierce accents, which made the band rise from their seats. These tones were deep, and their effect electrical on the men, who shouted, "No, no, captain."

"Laws," continued the smuggler, "which consign you poor devils to dungeons or death. Oh, it is excellent to pass laws to starve the poor—to prevent them from obtaining food from other countries, when no longer able to procure subsistence in their own. Say, men, are we to obey these laws or not?"

"No, no," shouted the men again.

These hearty cheers were heard by the sneaking constables, who were prowling, disappointedly, back to the public room after a fruitless search. They paused, like hounds on a fresh scent, and their leader turned in the direction from which the sounds came. By accident, Bott, who was in the van, pushed against the wainscot at the extremity of a long passage which they had explored before, without success. A sharp sound was heard, and in another instant Bott tumbled headlong into the presence of the smuggler band.

"By St. Jago," roared the smuggler, "but here is one of the harpies of this same law."

Cumlin darted on the poor constable a look so withering, that the poor fellow trembled and stammered, without articulating a word intelligibly.

"What in the devil's name do you want, and how came you here?" demanded the smuggler, fiercely.

"I—I," faltered out Bott, "was sent, sir, to ask you, sir, to come, to see, sir—"

"Liar!" interrupted the deep voice of Cumlin. "Miserable slave of a heartless system, you lie; you were sent here to arrest me, to drag me through the streets as a felon, and you have fallen into a trap which you shall remember to your dying day. Gag him, and throw the dog into the cellar."

The words were no sooner uttered, than the constable was seized by the powerful men around him, and, regardless of his

supplications, was gagged and deposited, through a trap door, in a dark vault beneath.

The followers of the constable, after searching about for some time, gave up the pursuit of the smuggler, and returned back to report the issue of their message to their superiors.

CHAPTER VI.

The mayor of Folkstone, Sir Michael Webb, had obtained a competence as a solicitor in the renowned city of London. He had served the office of sheriff, and subsequently was dubbed a knight. He resided in a neat red-bricked mansion in the environs of the town, and was honoured by the good people of Folkstone in being elected their mayor for several years antecedent to the commencement of our story.

Sir Michael was a very tall, slender personage, had small dark grey eyes, an enormous nose, which resembled the bill of an eagle, with a small head resting on a long thin neck. On this eventful day, Sir Michael Webb was sitting in his front parlour that overlooked the Canterbury road. Papers enveloped with red tape were before him; the worthy knight appeared in a brown study, but he was suddenly interrupted by the announcement of two visitors. These personages were the officers, Peake, who resembled the knight in personal appearance, and Higgs, whose enormous proportions contrasted with the lean and lanky appearance of the knight and the smuggler hunter.

They entered the sanctum of the magistrate, their countenances elongated, and yet big with important business. Sir Michael Webb greeted them cordially, requested them to be seated, and to inform him how he could serve them.

"You have heard," commenced Peake, "of the affair of last night."

"As a magistrate," answered Sir Michael, pompously, "I know nothing of what you allude to; proceed, therefore, to state your business."

"Well, sir," responded Peake, his visage betraying evident chagrin at the interruption, "an occurrence took place last night in which we want your aid. We had certain information that a large cargo would be landed at a certain spot on the coast."

"Stop, sir, this may be serious business," and the knight rang for his clerk.

That functionary appeared, and grasped his grey goose quill, ready to place on record the information deposed by the applicants. Peake then related those circumstances with which the reader is acquainted, adding a few embellishments concerning his own and Mr. Higgs's sagacity and courage, and concluded by declaring it to

be his opinion that there was no man living but Cumlin capable of so daring an act as to shoot at his majesty's officers in the execution of their duty; also that he had vanished up the white cliffs enveloped in smoke; and that a round of balls were sent after the fellow, but the bullets did not fulfil their mission, and the smugglers escaped with all their cargo of ankers and rich silks.

A deep groan burst from the inmost recesses of the animal economy of Peake when, arriving at the climax of this unheard of atrocity; a smile played on the features of the magistrate, and then he demanded,

"Well, gentlemen, what do you desire me to do?"

Peake demanded a warrant against Cumlin to compel his attendance to answer the allegations that would be brought against him. This was granted without hesitation, the magistrate gently hinting at insufficient proof, and mildly suggesting that, should the evidence fail, Cumlin was not a lamb or a dove; that he would not forget and forgive an outrage on his person and liberty.

"I know," stammered forth Higgs, "what he is; he had me once in his grasp, and I would prefer the hug of a bear to the crushing sensation I experienced. I thought every muscle of my frame was compressed into a mass of useless flesh."

"Silence, sir," exclaimed Peake; "do we not act in accordance with law, which is a tower of strength? We should feel no fear or think about our persons while protecting the shores from lawless depredators."

Higgs looked a little abashed. The magistrate gazed on the pair of officers with ill-concealed contempt, and said, with a slight sneer, "There is the warrant; will you execute it?"

"Me!" cried Higgs, in astonishment, "I would rather be excused; Mr. Peake will, I dare say."

"Answer for yourself, Mr. Higgs; I shall not be able to do this, or I would with pleasure. I must proceed to Dover to inspect the place where the event occurred, in order to render the evidence complete."

Mr. Higgs shrugged his shoulders, and remained silent. Shortly after the knight was alone. The examination was to take place at twelve o'clock if the prisoner was forthcoming. At that hour the magistrate and his clerk entered the justice-room; shortly after, Peake, Higgs, and captain Sarson appeared, and were motioned to seats. They looked around, expecting to meet the grim looks of Cumlin, but no such sight met their gaze.

A bustle was now heard outside, then a knock at the door of the mansion. The

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constables entered, and briefly recounted their failure and the loss of their chief. This news seemed to pain the officers greatly, and many interrogatories were directed to the men, but they could give no other answer. Sir Michael smiled, and said, "Perhaps the case had better be adjourned to Monday."

At that moment a person mounted on a bay horse galloped up to the mansion of the magistrate. He threw the bridle rein to his groom, and knocked at the door for admission. This individual was 'Squire Barnard, who arrived opportunely to adjudicate as a magistrate in this mysterious case. Mr. Barnard was greeted with great obsequiousness by Sir Michael, and scarcely had he taken his seat when another knock indicated an arrival. The signal for admission was so loud and long that the inhabitants were stunned at the sounds which reverberated along the passages of the mansion.

The servant admitted the applicant, a well-dressed, dark-looking man, who stalked into the justice-room, and bowed with much elegance to the bench. Every person in the room indicated profound astonishment at the intruder, who addressed the bench.

"I believe, Sir Michael Webb, that you were desirous of my presence here to answer the allegations to be made by some persons against me; and not wishing to give you trouble, I have just stepped up to know what these individuals have to say against Edgar Cumlin."

The effect of this speech, and the appearance of the speaker's dress, struck the magistrates and accusers dumb. When the sensation thus created had in some measure subsided, those present gazed on the smuggler's fine person, unbroken by years and uninjured by vicissitudes, then on his intelligent, manly, and stern countenance, with admiration and astonishment.

At length Cumlin, drawing his form up to its extreme height, and directing a look of contempt at the craven officers, demanded, in an accent free from provincialisms,

"Gentlemen, rumour has indicated that some accusation rested against my character, nor have I been left in doubt with regard to the nature of the charge. I therefore demand to be informed who are my accusers."

The speaker paused; this language from Cumlin was as astonishing as his sudden transformation in dress from the rude son of the ocean to the elegant garb of a gentleman, and still not a word was uttered. The riding officers stood staring at each other in speechless wonder. Cumlin continued:

"It is as I suspected; these dastardly fellows possess great courage to traduce a

man's character behind his back, but they dare not attempt to prove their false accusations. But I perceive a blue jacket here; is he an accomplice with yonder craven civilians, or has he the courage to prefer an accusation?"

The "blue jacket" thus alluded to, captain Sarson, rose with calm dignity, and said—

"I am not here, gentlemen," addressing himself to the bench, "to waste your time in groundless charges against Mr. Cumlin, who has surrendered himself. What I have to advance I will adduce fearlessly."

"You must be sworn," interrupted Sir Michael.

"No, no," exclaimed Cumlin, "he is a sailor, and incapable of falsehood. I will hear him without an oath, for what he utters must be truth; a brave tar can use no other language."

(To be continued.)

MEDITATIONS OF TEMPLE BAR ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

(Written on the occasion of the Queen's Visit to the City in 1837, during the Mayoralty of Sir J. Cowan, war-chandler.)

Well, come what may in Queen Victoria's reign,

Whether we dream of famine or invasion,
Old Temple Bar must by this junket gain,

Painted, I've two new coats upon the occasion.

For this my thanks are to great Kelly due;

The present Mayor might paint have given the slip,

'Twas said, to fit me for the royal view,
Lord Cudde gravely had proposed to dip.

Tom Hood says of this all enlightening May't,

(But he sometimes will lay it on too thick),

That when her Majesty saw Guildhall's glare,

She took his lordship for a candle-stick.

But other folks of equal credit say,

Such slanderers should be sent to the police,

For she suggested, at no distant day,

My Lord might go ambassador to Greece.

His fitness, none who know him, can deny;

And, probably, it will not be forgotten,

The fittest chaplain to the embassy,

So wick-ed wags say, would be Dr. Cotton.

Lord Cowan vows that I, on this great night,

Shan't look as dingy as a king of Hayti,

He'll see me well supplied with candle light,

Which proves him one of the illuminati.

Good order will be kept throughout the day;

If thoughtless idlers dare to raise a storm,

There is no doubt, the city marshalls say—

We all shall see the worthy Mayor *was* warm.

That he should be the chief makes some folks stare,

The reason for it easily is seen—

'Twas thought most fitting that a candle may'r

Should render honour to a taper queen.

His lordship says himself, "T'was heaven's decree;

And nothing has to do with joke or trick,

That he a chandler, up to snuff, should be—

Named to receive her majesty queen *Wic*.

T. B.

THE PEN.

VARIOUS METHODS OF WRITING.

The art of writing, by its obvious importance, has, from a very early period, commanded the attention of the civilised world. While but few characters were to be traced, the stylus was used; but when voluminous documents and books were to be prepared, that instrument was superseded by the pen, which is said to have been employed so early as the fifth century. There exists a poem on the pen, written in the seventh century, by Athelinus in Latin, which may thus be Englished:

CONCERNING THE PEN OF THE WRITER.

"The shining white pelican (bittern) which sips with open throat,
The waters of the pool once produced one white.
I proceed direct to the whitening plains.
And leave blue marks on the shining white ground,*
Shadowing the glistening grounds with darkened windings.†

Nor is it enough to open a track over the plains: ‡
But rather a path continuous by numerous turns,
Which has carried to the heights of heaven those who wander not."

A writer of the fifth century, quoted by Adrian de Valois, has been considered as affording proof of the use of quill pens at that time, by the following statement:—That Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, was so illiterate and stupid, that during the ten years of his reign he was not able to write five letters (*theod*) at the bottom of his edicts. For this reason the letters were cut for him (we may suppose like our modern stencil plates), in a plate of gold, and the plate being laid upon the paper, he then traced out the letters with a pen. The emperor Justin, who flourished about the same period, is said to have shown a similar specimen of ignorance. Alquin, the friend and teacher of Charlemagne, mentions writing pens in the eight century. After that time, proofs exist which put the question of their use beyond dispute. Mabillon saw a manuscript gospel of the ninth century, in which the evangelists were represented with pens in their hands. *Calami* properly signify the reeds used by the ancients in writing; but modern authors have often used the term as a Latin word for pen, and it has been suggested that that was probably the proper term for quills, before their application to the purposes of pens. Reeds were used for a considerable time after the introduction of pens, and, in monasteries and convents, were frequently used for initial letters, as they made stronger marks than quills. By some letters of Erasmus to Reuchlin, we learn that the latter sent three writing reeds to Erasmus, who ex-

pressed a wish that Reuchlin, when he could procure more, would send some to a learned friend in England. Erasmus lived between 1467 and 1536, and it would from this appear that quills were scarce at that time. About the period of 1430, the familiar letters of the learned men of Italy made mention of two inconveniences to which they were subject at that time, viz. the difficulty of making good ink, and the scarcity of good quills.

The principal birds from which quills have been obtained for making pens, are the goose, the swan, and the crow. Pelicans, and other birds, have also, at different times, helped to furnish a portion of quills; but of all these, the goose has furnished by far the largest portion. Soimense has become the number of quills employed, that in 1832 (notwithstanding the large consumption of steel pens), thirty-three million six hundred and sixty-eight thousand goose quills, were entered for home consumption, the greater part of which came from the Netherlands and Germany. An immense quantity is also imported from Russia and Poland, where vast flocks of geese are fed for the sake of their quills alone. The quantity exported from St. Petersburg varies from six to twenty-seven millions. We may form some idea of the number of geese which must be required to afford the supply, when we consider that each wing produces about six good quills, and that, by proper management, a goose may afford twenty quills during the year. Hence, it is obvious, that the geese of Great Britain and Ireland could afford but a small supply. The quills are the large feathers taken from the ends of the wing, and have different names according to the quality, which seem to depend principally on the part of the wing from which they are taken. The operation of preparing the quills is called quill-dressing, sometimes quill-dutching. The quills, as they are taken from the bird, are covered with a membranous skin, and have toughness and softness which prevents their being easily split. They are also opaque, and the vascular membrane on the interior of the barrel adheres to it so strongly, that it is with difficulty detached. To remedy these defects, and to fit the quills for their destined purpose, is the business of the quill-dresser. He takes a large bundle of the quills, just as they are taken from the bird, and proceeds to separate them into three parcels—differing from each other in the size and quality of the quills. The value is estimated both by the length and the thickness of the barrel; those having the largest and longest barrels being called 'primes,' which fetch the highest price in the market; the next best in quality are designated as 'seconds,' and

* Blue ink upon white paper. † Letters.
‡ Nor is it enough merely to scribble.

the third, or smallest size, are called 'pini-ous.' The process of sorting being completed, the workmen proceed to "clarify" the quills, the principal object of which is to remove the membranous skin. The quills are plunged for a short time into heated sand: the heat of the sand makes the outer skin crack and peel off, which is further aided by scraping them with a sharp instrument; while, at the same time, the internal membrane becomes shrivelled up, and falls down to the point of the quill. The barrel of the quill is also hardened and rendered transparent by this process, in consequence of the heat consuming or drying up the oily matter resident in it. This latter effect is increased by repeated heatings; and when done for the purpose of hardening the quill, is called *dutching*, probably from the circumstance that the process was first adopted in Holland. (The term Dutch pens, is frequently applied to quills that have been passed through hot ashes, to remove the grosser fat and moisture, and to render them more transparent.) For the best pens, the process of *dutching* is repeated several times; but care is necessary, in order that the heating should not be carried so far as to injure the barrel. The quills, after this process, are either of the colour of fine thin horn, or of an impure white; but before they are brought to market they undergo another process, with the two-fold object of giving them an uniform yellow colour, and to make them split more easily. They are dipped into diluted aquafortis or nitric acid, which has the effect desired.

Nothing seems to the savage more incomprehensible than the art of writing. Mr. Williams, a missionary, while engaged in building a chapel, found one morning that he had gone to the works without his square. Upon this he says:

"I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him, 'Friend, take this; go to our home, and give it to Mrs. Williams.' He, giving me an inexpressible look, said, 'Take that? she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.' 'No,' I replied 'she will not; take it, and go immediately; I am in haste.' Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it, and asked, 'What must I say?' I replied, 'You have nothing to say, the chip will say all I wish.' With a look of astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood, and said, 'How can this speak? has this a mouth?' I desired him to take it immediately. On arriving at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest; whi-

ther the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, 'Stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants? 'Why,' she replied 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' 'Yes,' said the astonished warrior; 'but I did not hear it say anything.' 'If you did not, I did,' was the reply; 'for it made known to me what he wanted; and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible.' With this the chief leaped out of the house; and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, 'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk.'—*Williams' Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas.*

ANTIQUITIES OF LEWES PRIORY.

The geologist has often had to thank the railways for exposing fresh gigantic sections of strata, denoting the former state of the world, but seldom or never has a railway, before this occasion, presented a more strangely stratified section of princesses, earls, countesses, priors, monks, and children, all brecciated together, and each representing some great primitive generation in olden times. May the discovery be to the railway of good augury, like that of finding the stone altar consecrated to the goddess Fortune by the Roman legion stationed at York, clearing the ground there for the railway station. This happy omen was significantly presented to the York museum by George Hudson, Esq., M.P. The Lewes engineers having thus unexpectedly disturbed the repose of the sound sleepers of seven centuries, are willing reverently to provide all in their power for their identity and future peace, and may now proceed to put down their own sleepers and chairs on the line in their place with more composed feelings, remembering the words of their founder, who was so strangely come back to us as if to enforce them. "Who-soever shall have preserved and defended and preserve this my gift, shall have the blessing and grace of God Almighty in this life and the next in body and soul upon them, and may all the blessing which a father can give to his good sons come upon him on my part, and remain for ever and ever! Amen. Amen."

While the rich and powerful are buried with pomp under sculptured marble, it is given in compensation to the bones of the humble peasant to lie more free from in-

sult and disturbance. The fate of the royal Gundrada's bones is only similar to what befel those of both their kingly parents. Although each were buried in noble churches of their own foundation, both the great conqueror and his queen Matilda have suffered frequent insults and removals. In 1522 the curiosity of a French cardinal led him to open the tomb of William I. at Caen, and ascertained him to have been very stout and tall. A few years later, in 1562, only one bone, a femur, escaped the rude scattering of the Huguenots, and though a new tomb was afterwards put up in 1642, it was again moved in 1742, and utterly demolished in 1793. Queen Matilda, who died two years before her daughter Gundrada, endured the like dispersion of her remains by the Huguenots in 1562, and her tomb, though restored in 1707, was again destroyed in 1793. Some of her bones, however, were found in a leaden chest in 1819, and again honoured with a monument. Of Gundrada's sister, Cecilia, who died the abbess of her mother's foundation in 1126, there are no traces at all.

The Latin verses of Gundrada's tomb are imperfect, from the end of the marble being broken off, perhaps purposely, to fit it for its place in Isfeld church. The missing words might be supplied conjecturally thus:—

Third line,—

Martin | *is hanc ædem struxit Pancratii honorem*
"he built this church in honour of St. Pancras.

Last line:—

Fregit alabastrum | superest pars optima celi.
The coming light of the 6th of June burst the alabastrer vase of her flesh: her better part survives in heaven.

There is a remarkable fine brass extant at Cowfold church, Sussex, of one of the priors of Lewes. Only one of these black Cluniac monks has yet been found buried in his monastic habit, and the position of that one seems to mark him out as one of some distinction, for his remains were lying nearest to the great founders, and rather apart from others. He may possibly have been the celebrated Lanzo, the first prior, whom William de Warenne obtained with great difficulty from Cluny. The supply of eminent monks seems, indeed, not to have been equal to the demand in those times, for the founder has left on record the trouble he had to import a sufficient number of monks fit for the wants of his new monastery, begging at first from abroad only "two or three or four monks."

So highly esteemed were the virtues of Lanzo, that the monastery under him quickly became famous, so that William of Malmesbury thus describes him. "Who can be silent of Lanzo, who flourished inferior in sanctity to none of the age? a

monk of Cluny and prior of St. Pancras in England, who by his worth so ennobled that place by the grace of monastic reverence, that it was truly asserted to be the only dwelling of goodness. As whatever I should say concerning his life would be below his merits I will only add his death in the words I have found written, that it may be clearly manifest how gloriously he lived, who died so full of grace." Again, in another passage, he says, "Lanzo raised up the monastery of St. Pancras to the very highest pitch of religion. The eminence of the place argues the efficacy of the man, so that it may with truth be said that no monastery can excel that in religion as to the monks, in courtesy towards guests, and in charity to all. I would certainly say more of Lanzo, if his merit did not transcend all eloquence."

It would give an additional interest to these bones, still shrouded in their cowl, and with the air of his tonsure still cleaving to the skull, if we could identify them with this remarkable man, Lanzo.

As to the names so fortunately incised with some sharp instrument on the leaden chests, it may be remarked that when printing was impossible and writing very uncommon, the spelling of names could not well be fixed, and accordingly William de Warenne states that he founded the priory "in the life-time and with the assent of his wife Gundrada and of his sons and heir William and Raynold," and thus alludes to her place of burial, as destined also for himself and heirs. "If my heirs after me should in their time found any charity, I will that they should place it under St. Pancras, and always hold St. Pancras as the head of their honour: and let them give themselves up as I do to the spot where my wife Gundrada lies, and after I shall have surrendered myself up to lie together, with her, let them do the same as myself." It is interesting to find this affectionate wish of the widowed husband still realised after the lapse of so many ages, and that the husband and wife still lie near each other. William the Conqueror, when giving a mansion at Walton in Norfolk to the priory, speaks of William de Warenne "and his wife Gundrada, my daughter." His own name and that of his son-in-law is written, not S. Pancracius Willielmus, but "Willemus," which seems also to be the abbreviated word incised on the founder's leaden chest.

The priory ruins and the remains of earl de Warren and his countess, at the church of Southover, have been within the last week visited by many hundreds of strangers, among whom were several parties in their private carriages. We are much pleased to find that steps have been taken to secure the remains from injury by

having glass covers placed over them—a most necessary step, for although every precaution was taken, while affording the public free access to them, to prevent their sustaining injury, yet at first parties who had the privilege of seeing were not restrained from handling them, a practice calculated to have a mischievous effect. We cannot too highly appreciate the exertions of all those gentlemen who have busied themselves in preserving to posterity these valued remains, and we would suggest for their adoption the building of a suitable chapel in Southover church for their permanent resting place, and which might be so fitted up as to secure them from decay, and yet satisfy the sight-seeing visitors. It might be ornamented with the carved stone collected from the excavations, and two central monuments erected to contain the remains of the earl de Warren and Gundreda—the former might have a tablet of white marble with the ancient inscription engraved thereon similar to the letters on the tomb of the countess. On the sides of each there might be a recess for the leaden cists covered over with thick plate glass. The chapel of St. Pancras would then indeed be a monument of the liberality and munificence of those who should contribute to so interesting and lasting a memorial.

From the "Baron's War," we extract the following brief account of the priory:

"The priory, in conjunction with the four French ones, constituted 'the five chief daughters of Cluny,' near Macon, in Burgundy, the prior of Lewes being always high chamberlain of the order. Subject as they were to a foreign authority, the monks, as well as their head, may well have had a bias towards the alien courtiers of the king, and doubtless rejoiced at the honour of receiving such distinguished guests as their inmates. The young christian martyr, St. Pancras, to whom the priory was dedicated, displayed no such marvels on the occasion, as were believed by his devotees to have occurred at his tomb in Rome. There any false swearer, who came near, either became instantly possessed of the devil, and went mad, or fell down dead on the pavement, and this occurred in some cases, where the test had been tried in vain at the tomb of the more indulgent St. Peter. Neither king nor courtier were affected at Lewes by this touchstone of truth."

Having adopted the discipline and black habit of St. Benedict, they were often familiarly designated as the black monks, and let us hope they did not deserve the character given them by a satirist soon after this time, who describes the "Moynes Neirs" as members of the order of easy living (Ordre de Bel Eyse), getting drunk every day from mere jollity.

They must perforce get drunk each day,
They know of life no other way;
But they only drink for company,
And not a jot for gluttony.

Spirit of Foreign Literature.

A SECOND ALADDIN.

(Concluded from page 304.)

After Zanetto had been a few days in prison, he began to feel acutely the loss of his liberty. "Holy Virgin!" said he, clasping his hands, "have pity on me, procure my release from this dungeon, and I promise never more to confide on the magician's signet, which is no doubt the cause of my misfortunes."

After uttering with uncommon fervour this short prayer to the Virgin, he was both surprised and delighted at seeing Marietta, the laundress, enter his cell.

"My dear child," said she, embracing him, "what trouble I have had in obtaining permission to see you! But, thank heaven! here I am at last. I was afraid you might want money, and I have therefore brought you three ducats, which is all I possess."

"Ah, Marietta," replied Zanetto, weeping, "you are the only friend I have in the world. I have no need of money, but I am weary of this prison. Tell me, Marietta, what they say of me in Venice."

"Why, my child, all sorts of slander. Some say that you robbed a rich merchant; others, that you were connected with a troop of brigands, and that your comrades despoiled you of all you had; but I do not believe a word of all this. You, I am sure, you would not be so wicked."

"Have you heard anything of Luigia Cornivo?"

"Yes, poor girl. They say she is almost broken-hearted, and that her father is going to force her to marry Marcantonio. But I have not yet told you that your palace of Lovedeno, and everything in it, has been seized, excepting these papers, which I took care of for you."

"My papers!" exclaimed Zanetto; "then I shall soon be free, for here are two impressions of my talisman. Yes, I shall shortly be free, that is, if the impressions possess the same virtue as the signet."

Zanetto, shortly after he had received his talisman from Ali Mohammed, took two impressions of it in wax for the purpose of trying if he could read the words which were engraven on it. He now took a sheet of paper, on which he had taken one of the impressions, and wrote the following note to the doge:

"Illustrious signor—Being unjustly imprisoned, I humbly beseech your excel-

lency to give orders for my immediate liberation. But perhaps the signet of the great Ali Mohammed, with which this note is sealed, will plead for you more powerfully than anything I can say.

"ZANETTO TORNOLO."

Zanetto desired Marietta to take the letter to the house of the doge; and in a few hours after the governor of the prison entered his cell, and, having saluted him in the most respectful manner, said, "Signor, his excellency the doge has ordered me to liberate you immediately; he is exceedingly sorry that he was not sooner aware of your imprisonment, and he begs you will accept of this diamond ring as a token of his esteem."

Zanetto was no sooner out of prison than he met Matteo *bravo*, who restored to him his lost talisman. Our hero was now quite delighted; but he had not proceeded far when he learned from one of his acquaintances, that Luigia was to be married to Marcantonio that very morning. This news changed his joy to despair.

"Gracious heaven!" cried he, "Luigia is to be married to Marcantonio at mid-day, and it is now ten o'clock! What shall I do? I must prevent this marriage; but how? Ah! my talisman—come to my aid—inspire me with some happy thought that shall prevent me from losing Luigia."

When he had uttered this invocation to his talisman, some one tapped him on the shoulder, and on turning round he beheld Ali Mohammed.

"Oh, signor," said Zanetto, "I am in despair; Luigia, who promised to be mine, is to-day to be married to my rival."

"My son," replied the Turk, "I cannot aid you, if Luigia does not love you."

"But she does love me, only her father has forced her to abandon me because I am poor."

"Then you have not made use of the signet?"

"Yes, I have, but I was robbed, and thrown into prison; and on being set at liberty this morning, I learned that Luigia was to be married at mid-day to my rival."

The Turk smiled, and desired Zanetto to conduct him to the residence of Luigia's father. When they arrived, Zanetto asked the Turk if he was sure he could prevent the marriage of Luigia with his rival.

"As certain as if I were the doge himself," replied the Turk.

"Ali Mohammed is certainly," thought Zanetto, "a good magician."

When they entered, Luigia, who was weeping, uttered a cry of surprise.

"She certainly is pretty," said the Turk to Zanetto; "tell her, while I go to seek her father in his cabinet, that you have come to marry her."

"Well, dear Luigia," said our hero, "what is it that makes you weep?"

"Ah! cruel and inconstant Zanetto," replied she; "you have deceived me, and have come to laugh at my sorrow. If you wished to render me miserable, you ought to be content, for you have obtained complete success. The beautiful presents you gave me have been sold, and I have to go to church in a dress that a nun even would be ashamed to wear. My husband, too, will be dressed almost like a beggar, for he has bought nothing new for the occasion; but I would not care if he was not so ugly. I shall be miserable for fear our children should resemble him; while, if they had been yours, I should be delighted in tracing their likeness in their father. Our little girl would have had your eyes, and your smile, and my hands, that you used to think so pretty; and my voice, that once sounded so sweetly in your ear. Our little boy would have had your walk; he would have learned music, and would have worn his mantle in that graceful style which won my heart the first time I saw you, after your return from school. But instead of this, God knows what the poor things will be like. Ah, Zanetto! you have cruelly deceived me," added she, bursting into a flood of tears.

"Dry up your tears, dear Luigia," said Zanetto; "you wrong me in reproaching me with inconstancy. I have been unfortunate, but not inconstant. All our troubles, however, are now at an end, for my friend Ali Mohammed has gone to arrange with your father everything concerning our marriage."

During this time the Turk was in conference with Luigia's father.

"I am," said the Turk, "the richest jeweller not only of Venice, but of the whole world. I have no children; I have taken a liking to this young man; I have adopted him; he is henceforth my son. Your daughter loves him; let him have her; you would not find a richer son-in-law, for my whole fortune falls to him. What say you?"

"But," said Cornivo, "I hear he has a talisman, and that he has dealings with the devil."

"The pretended talisman," replied the Turk, "is a seal of mine, which all the bankers and merchants of Venice know, and they have therefore attended to the orders of Zanetto as if they had been mine. This is, I assure you, all poor Zanetto's magic."

Signor Cornivo was unable to resist so tempting an offer; he therefore discarded Marcantonio, and Zanetto and Luigia were married.

After the ceremony was over, Zanetto took the Turk aside, and said, "Father,

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you have made me the richest and the happiest man in the world. I wish not to risk falling into poverty again, by my inexperience; and I also wish to die in my religion, like a good christian. I ought, therefore, to renounce at once all dealings with magic; take back your talisman."

The Turk smiled, and assured Zanetto that the talisman had no connection with the devil; but, to relieve the mind of his adopted son, he consented to take it back.

The young couple lived happily together, and at the expiration of two years they had two children—a girl and a boy. The girl had the eyes of its father and the small hand of its mother. As to the boy, he strikingly resembled his father. Marcantonio consoled himself for the loss of Luigia by applying himself with increased diligence to the accumulation of wealth, in which pursuit he was remarkably successful. Signor Canapo never forgave himself for relinquishing that precious lentil, which had been so profitable to Zanetto, and it is said that his regret increased to such a degree, that it eventually caused his death.

Berlin.

The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence. By Edward Holmes.

Various are the lives of this great musician that have been palmed upon the public; but that there was ample room for another, Mr. Holmes clearly demonstrates; for till his work appeared, many of the peculiarities of that great composer were unknown to the general reader,—many anecdotes and interesting reminiscences were perhaps only within the knowledge of a few. The research which Mr. Holmes evinces in his work, cannot fail to secure a host of readers; for music, which is making its giant strides over the whole hemisphere, teaches us to cherish every incident of the man who could lull us into momentary bliss, and enable us to forget all sub-lunary matters, and their attendant annoyances.

Mozart, whom the biographer styles *our* Mozart, was born on the 27th of January, 1756; and when he reached the early age of four, he could always retain the brilliant solos in the concertos which he heard. Leopold Mozart, the father, who had conceived a desire to leave Salzburg, undertook a tour with his children to Munich, where Schachtner became delighted with the boy, and amused himself with tales of his precocity. The success of this journey tempted the father to undertake a more important tour. In the autumn of the year 1762, he took his family to Vienna. This journey was succeeded by another to

the Rhenish provinces. Becoming more courageous, a tour to Paris was resolved on; a page or two from the father's Parisian journal will, no doubt, be appreciated.

MOZART'S EARLY DAYS.

"The little boy played before the royal family at Versailles; and gave an organ performance in the chapel there, which was attended by the whole court. His organ playing was more highly esteemed at this period than even his performance on the clavier. Two grand concerts were also given before the public at large, and the Mozarts became much in fashion; their portraits were elegantly engraved, poems were written upon them, and they were everywhere treated with distinction. Here, too, Wolfgang published his first works; two sets of sonatas for the clavier with an accompaniment for the violin—the one dedicated to Madame Victoire, the king's second daughter, the other to the countess Tessé. Wolfgang received, in acknowledgement, a gold snuff-box from the countess, while the princess Carignan, with oriental gusto and elegance, presented him with a silver standish and silver pens. 'The people are all crazy about my children,' writes the father. The satirical humour of Leopold Mozart is well displayed in a letter addressed to Madame Hagenauer, dated Paris, Feb. 1, 1764. He regrets the odious, ugly embellishments and excessive painting of the French ladies, and continues: 'As for their religion—the miracles of the French female saints, I assure you, are not scarce, the greatest are performed by those who are neither maids, wives, nor widows—and are all worked by the living body. Suffice it to say, that it costs some trouble here to discover who is the mistress of the house; every one lives according to his or her fancy, and if there is not a special mercy of God, it will one day fare with the state of France as of old with the kingdom of Persia.' A picture of the etiquette of the court of Versailles, with the trial of natural emotion over lifeless forms and ceremonies is introduced: 'I may observe that it is not the custom here to kiss the hands of the royal family, or to molest them when they are *au passage*, as they call it (that is, when they traverse the royal apartments and gallery in their way to church), by presenting any petition or speaking to them; nor when the king or any of the royal family passes is there any bowing or kneeling, or other testimony of respect than that of standing perfectly erect and motionless. In this posture the king and his family may pass close before one, and you may imagine what sort of impression must have been made upon a people so wedded to the formalities of their court as the French, when I tell you that the king's

daughter, both in the apartments and in the public passage, as soon as she saw my children stopped, drew near them, and not only gave them her hand to kiss, but kissed them and received numberless kisses in return. The same may be said of Madame the Dauphiness. But what most astonished the spectators was, that at the public dinner, *au grand couvert*, on new year's evening, we alone had the way cleared for us to the royal table, where Master Wolfgangus had the honour to stand near the queen, to converse with and amuse her constantly—now and then eating something which she gave him from the table, or kissing her hand. The queen speaks as good German as we do, but as the king knows nothing of it, the queen interprets all that our heroic Wolfgang says.' On Christmas-day they went to the chapel of Versailles, and attended matens and three masses. The music is thus described:—'I heard there music that was both bad and good. Everything performed by single voices, which was intended to pass as an air, was rapid, cold, and miserable; in a word, French; the choruses, however, were all good, indeed excellent. I went daily with my little man into the royal gallery, at the king's mass, to hear the choir in motets, which are always executed. The king's mass is at one o'clock, except he goes hunting, and then it takes place at ten o'clock, and the queen's at half-past twelve.' The next topic is the difficulty of their movements in Paris—often made in three sedan-chairs—when the weather was bad; and the expense of which, combined with a court mourning, was serious. As usual, the court delayed to pay them, and their affairs, in German phrase, travelled by the snail post. Leopold Mozart is now discursive on French manners:—'Pomp and splendour are still extravagantly admired and pursued by the French, consequently no one is rich but the farmers; the gentry are overwhelmed with debts. The greatest riches are possessed by some hundred persons, among whom are several bankers and *fermiers généraux*, and their money is chiefly spent on *Lucrétias*, who, however, do not stab themselves.' Now for the fashions of the day:—'The ladies wear their cloths trimmed with fur in summer as well as winter; they wear fur round their necks, fur in their hair instead of flowers, and on their arms instead of bands, &c., &c. The most laughable thing is to see a sword band (which is here the fashion), ornamented with a fur border. That must be a capital method to prevent the sword from freezing.' 'He then comments on the selfish and unnatural practice of deserting their new-born children, which prevailed among the Parisians, and gives a

dreadful picture of its effects:—'But observe the wretched consequences of committing children to the nursing of peasants. You will scarcely find any place so abounding in miserable and mutilated objects. Scarcely have you been two minutes in a church, or walked through a couple of streets, than you are beset by some blind, lame, deformed, or half-paralytic beggar; or you see some one lying in the street whose hand, when he was a child, was devoured by a pig; or another, who, at the same time of life, fell into the fire while his nurse and her husband were at work in the fields, and had half his arm burnt off; besides a crowd of others whom I could not from disgust ever look at in passing. Now to turn from the horrible to the charming, and first to that which has charmed a king. You would like, would you not, to know what sort of looking person Madame de Pampadour is? She must have been very handsome, for she is still an elegant person. Her figure is imposing; she is large and plump, but well proportioned; her complexion fair, with some resemblance in her eyes to the empress. Her apartments towards the garden at Versailles are like a paradise, and she has a magnificent hotel just built in the Faubourg St. Honoré at Paris. In the room where the harpsichord was, which was gilt and beautifully ornamented and painted, we observed her portrait and the king's, both of the size of life. There's constant war here on the subject of French and Italian music. French music, the whole of it put together, is not worth a straw; but desperate attempts are now making to introduce something better, and as the French are beginning to give way, I hope that in ten or fifteen years there will be no such thing as French taste. The engraver has now in hand four sonatas by Mr. Wolfgang Mozart. Imagine the noise these sonatas will make in the world when people read in the title page that they are the work of a child seven years old, and one who, if unbelievers demand a proof, which has happened ere now, is in condition to set the bass or the second violin part to any minuet that may be laid before him, without troubling the clavier. You will in time hear how excellent these sonatas are; an *Andante* in one of them is of especial taste. I may tell you that God daily works new wonders in this child. On our return he will, please God, be able to do good service in the court music. He now accompanies at all public concerts. He transposes *prima vista* the airs he accompanies, and everywhere plays off at sight whatever pieces may be placed before him, whether Italian or French. My girl plays the most difficult pieces by Schoberth and Eckard that are yet known;

among these the most difficult are by Eckard, which she executes with incredible clearness; indeed, in such a manner, that the envious Schoberth cannot conceal his jealousy, which has occasioned much meritment."

In the year 1764, the Mozarts visited London, where the boy delighted his audiences by his extraordinary execution. On his reappearance at Vienna, he excited the jealousy of the elder musicians, who set on foot intrigues, and strained every effort to prevent his coming forward. In 1769, Mozart undertook a journey to Italy, from which excursion he benefited greatly. One of its incidents is peculiarly interesting to the English musician. At Florence, there was a good orchestra, and with it, a boy who played excellently. Speaking of him, the father says:

"At Florence we found the young Englishman, a pupil of the celebrated Nardini. This boy, who plays exquisitely, and who is just of Wolfgang's (Mozart) size and age, met us at the house of the poetess Signora Corilla. The two boys performed by turns the whole evening, amidst continual embracings. The other day the little Englishman—a most charming boy—brought his violin to us, and played the whole afternoon. Wolfgang accompanied him also on the violin. The following day we dined with Mr. Gavard, treasurer to the grand duke, and the two boys played the whole afternoon—not, however, as boys, but as men. Little Thomas accompanied us home, and cried bitterly on learning that we were going to set off the next day. But perceiving that our journey was fixed for noon, he came to us by nine in the morning, and presented Wolfgang, among many embraces, with a poem which he had got Signora Corilla to write for him the night before. He then accompanied our coach to the city gates. I wish you could have witnessed this scene."

Returning northward, the father and son stopped at Bologna, where the latter was made a member of the Philharmonic Society. Here he composed the libretto of an opera, the subject *Metridate*, which was received with great applause. The father and son, full of hopes, then returned homeward, and shortly afterwards that youthful genius was commissioned to write a dramatic serenata for the archduke Ferdinand's marriage. In 1775, he produced the opera of "*La Finata Giardiniera*," which met an enthusiastic reception. The triumph, however, of "*La Finata Giardiniera*," did not ensure him anything for his labour. Much as schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and musicians at large, in the present time, grumble about bad pay, what feeling, we ask, will the astounding fact awaken in the bosom, when ac-

quainted with the fact, that about £1 *ls.* per annum was paid to young Mozart for his attendance in the music-room of the archbishop, and composing a mass of compositions almost as much as an ordinary man would write in his lifetime. The biographer, in speaking of this circumstance, says:

"What aggravated the injury of this monstrous appropriation of labour was, that the father, whose household economy was now somewhat pinched, on applying for permission to remedy these circumstances by a tour, was refused. From that hour Wolfgang threw by his pen in disgust—at least as far as it concerned voluntary labour. Whatever the heartburnings that such tyranny created, the father not wishing to proceed to extremes with his prince, or thinking it safe for the whole family to seek their fortunes elsewhere, concealed his feelings while he nurtured such a plan as in the present posture of their affairs seemed most prudent. It was determined that Wolfgang should resign his situation in the household of the archbishop, and, accompanied by his mother, proceed on a tour in quest of an appointment in the service of some foreign prince, on obtaining which, his father and sister could easily quit Salzburg, and establish themselves with him. So feasible did this project seem, that Leopold Mozart did not hesitate to incur some debts for the sake of carrying it into execution."

In the September of 1777, the mother and son set out. They met with little encouragement at Munich, and consequently proceeded to Augsburg, where Mozart excited the interest of a piano-forte maker named Stein by his good organ-playing, and was himself amused by the man's daughter:

"*Apròpos* of Stein's little girl; whoever can see and hear her without laughing, must be like her father—*of stone*. She does not place herself in the middle of the instrument, but towards the treble notes, for more convenience in moving about and making grimaces. The eyes are distorted; when a passage comes twice over, it is played twice as slowly the second time; if three times, still slower. When she has a passage to execute, she lifts her arm into the air, and if it requires any particular emphasis, it is done with the arm and not with the finger, and that in the heaviest and worst possible manner. The most delightful of all, however, is that when a passage occurs which ought to flow on as smoothly as oil, and of course requires that the fingers should be changed, she gives herself no concern on that point, but at the proper time lifts up her hand, and begins again quite at her ease; through which one is in frequent expectation of a

false note, and a very curious effect is produced. I merely write this to give my father some notion of clavier-playing and teaching, which he may at a future time turn to account."

At Mannheim, where he next alighted, he was received lightly by the people. To France he next directed his course, in the strong hope that money was to be picked up in Paris; but he happened to go there at an unpropitious season, and nothing but disappointments followed. The greatest of all his vicissitudes there was the death of his mother, who expired after a fortnight's illness. Soon after he returned to Salzburg, where he composed "Idomeneo," for the carnival. We conclude the present notice with a brief extract respecting the success of that piece:

"While 'Idomeneo' was running its prosperous course, the composer was in great spirits; and, probably thinking that his friends of the Munich orchestra had had enough of 'passion's solemn tears,' he changed their weeping to a laughing mood by one touch of his wand—the canon 'O Du eselhafter Martin.' In this jovial production he entirely postponed all pretension to the sublime, and seemed bent only on showing how effectively music and words might be combined for a laugh. Of the same date with these varied compositions is the offertorium in D minor, 'Misericordias Domini,' profoundly ecclesiastical in its style, and uniting the severe school of ancient counterpoint with some of the effects of the day, as governed by his own turn of thought. For the first time, apparently, fully aware of the high destiny of his genius, and of its influence on the amount of human pleasure, he became more and more indifferent as to his own immediate interest, thinking that the favourable hour would come, and that the powerful of the earth could not remain forever deaf and blind to his merit. Gladly would he have established himself for life with Cannabich, Wendling, and the rest of the old Mannheim orchestra in Munich; and the efforts he made to accomplish this object have been told. It is certain that Count Seau was authorised to express the readiness of the composer to enter the service of the Bavarian court; but the elector made no motion towards this object, and left the archbishop of Salzburg in undisturbed possession of his organist. Again, it is doubtful whether he was truly served by the friend whom he trusted. Greater credulity is required to believe his long train of ill-success the effect of chance than of the jealous alarm of men already in office, and fearful of their prerogative in the society of so gifted an associate. The leave of absence granted by the archbishop was gradually extended from weeks to

months; and by an extraordinary stretch of indulgence, Mozart was permitted to remain at Munich till the middle of March, 1781, when he was commanded to follow the Salzburg court to Vienna."

The Gatherer.

Orthography of Towns.—The name of Mainwaring (Cheshire) is spelt one hundred and sixty-three different ways in the deeds, &c., belonging to the family, and can be spelt in two hundred and ninety-four different forms.

Daisies.—The word daisy is a thousand times pronounced without our adverting to the beauty of the etymology—"the eye of day."

Malleable Glass.—The *Segusian Mercury* states that a most marvellous discovery has been made of rendering glass as malleable when cold as when hot.

How to make Leeches bite.—The leech which it is intended to apply is to be thrown into a saucer containing fresh beer, and is to be left there till it begins to get quite lively. When it has moved about in the vessel for a few moments it is to be quickly taken out and applied. This method will rarely disappoint expectation; and even dull leeches, and those which have been used not long before, will do their duty. It will be seen with astonishment how quickly they bite.

March of Intellect.—Although the nineteenth century is nearly half passed over our heads, and now recorded in the pages of history, and considering all the improvements that have taken place in our own lifetime, and the great talk which has sometimes been about the schoolmaster being abroad, and the many varied ways of diffusing useful and general knowledge—considering all these things, a person could scarcely be prepared to see such a notice as the following, in a shop window in a leading thoroughfare in the west-end of London:—"One Shilling a Baskete Cone Taine Pund harf." Such a notice is at present to be seen in the window of a large fruiterer's and greengrocer's shop fronting Church-street, Portman-market, Edgeware-road. This notice is written in large letters, and stuck into several small baskets of foreign grapes. This fully equals the notice lately exhibited in a shop window in one of the newly opened streets leading from Coventry-street to Leicester-square, which stated, "that this shop will be opened in the course of a few days as a chemist and druggist," which gave rise to the pun of intellectual bricks and mortar.

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